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NBC

ADVERTISER FARM AND HOME HOUR WRITER #382

PROGRAM TITLE UNCLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS OK

CHICAGO OUTLET WMAQ - BLUE

(11:30-12:30 PM) TIME (APRIL 19, 1940) DATE (FRIDAY) DAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

C-PRO 95

ANNOUNCER: "Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers"

ORCHESTRA, QUARTET: Ranger Song

ANNOUNCER: The United States Forest Service is a public agency-- concerned with the protection and administration of our national forests for the public's welfare. But the public welfare does not end in the national forests. It is inherent in all forests -- public and private alike. And so too the responsibilities of the Forest Service extend far beyond the national forest boundaries. Forests are living things. They grow according to the immutable laws of nature and without respect for any man-made property lines. For his own and the public good, however, man can help Nature produce and reproduce forests in much the same way that he produces cultivated crops. He can protect and improve them -- and harvest them repeatedly. And as the Nation's public forest conservation agency the Forest Service is responsible for determining and advising how this protection, improvement and harvesting of forests can best be done, not only on the national forests but on all forest lands. With forest rangers, supervisors and other experts in all parts of the country the Forest Service cooperates constantly with State and local agencies and with private owners to promote sound forest management. And through the maintenance of these community relationships it endeavors to give sympathetic consideration and qualified assistance on many local forest problems.

Well, out in Winding Creek in the Pine Cone National Forest everyone is mighty concerned about what's going to happen to the Roberts Brothers saw mill. If the mill should close many of them would lose their livelihood and their homes as well. Without the mill the merchants would lose most of their business ... and all in all it's a critical state of affairs for Winding Creek. Last week, you remember, we learned that it was a no-account brother of Gale Roberts, the mill owner, who was largely responsible for the threat to close the mill. It was to send money to this brother Rafe, that Gale Roberts mortgagedhis mill and timber land so heavily. And as we look in at the Ranger Station today we find Ranger Jim Robbins expecting a call from this brother Rafe....

JERRY: (FADING IN) Say, Jim, what do you suppose this brother Rafe Roberts is coming over here for?

JIM: Well, I suspect for some reason or other he doesn't want us to put through this agreement with his brother Gale that we're trying to arrange, so the mill can keep going.

BESS: That's the agreement for the Government to buy some of the Gale Roberts timber land?

JIM: Yes. If we can get it approved...That would give Gale enough cash to meet his mortgage payments, and the purchase agreement would provide that Roberts would have to operate on a sustained yield plan...cutting timber no faster than it grows... so the mill operation could keep going indefinitely.

JERRY: Well, it's Gale Roberts' mill. The old man left it to him. What's his brother Rafe got to do with it?

JIM: I don't know, Jerry... but this brother seems to have some kind of hold over Gale. It was to send money to Rafe, you know, and get him out of scrapes, that Gale got in debt so heavily.

BESS: Yes, and under the terms of old Mr. Roberts' will that you told us about, the brother Rafe would get a third if the mill was liquidated.

JIM: That's right, Bess. That might explain why Rafe is pressing for Gale to let the mill go.

BESS: This brother Rafe must be an awful person.

JERRY: Yeah. From what I hear, he's a regular sort of gangster or something. You don't reckon he's going to get tough and try some rough stuff, do you Jim?

JIM: No, Jerry. I hardly expect Rafe's going to bring any of his gangsters up here and stage a free for all. We haven't done anything to him.

BESS: I don't like that person coming up here, Jim. He hasn't been around here for twenty years, and I wish he'd stay away now. What do you think he's going to do?

JIM: I don't know, Bess. All I know is that he called up from Cooperstown last night and said he'd be here. We'll just have to wait and see.

JERRY: Look, there's a strange car coming up the road there now.... That must be him, Jim. The car's turnin' in the driveway now.

JIM: Yeah. That's some chariot Rafe's driving.

JERRY: Some chariot is right. It's a regular limousine.

JIM: H-m-m. Looks like he's brought some one with him. Pretty tough lookin' hombre.

JERRY: (SHORT LAUGH) Looks like he brought a bodyguard along after all, Jim.

BESS: I'll leave you two here to talk with them, Jim. But do be careful what you say. I don't like their looks.

JIM: We'll be careful, Bess.

BESS: (GOING OFF) Please do, Jim.

(SOUND OF DOOR)

JERRY: Here they come, Jim.

SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS MOUNTING PORCH STEPS OFF MIKE

SOUND OF DOOR OPENING

RAFE: (MAN IN EARLY FORTIES. HARD UNPLEASANT VOICE - COMING ON) This the Forestry Service office?

JIM: That's right. Come on in.

RAFE: I got a date here with a Ranger Robbins. Where'll I find him?

JIM: I reckon you'll find him right here, Mr. Roberts. You're talkin' to him now.

RAFE: H-m-m. So you're the guy that's been causing all the trouble. Well, Ranger I want to talk to you.

GUARD: (A FLAT VOICED TOUGH) (GROWLS) What about this boy scout over here in the corner, boss? Yuh want him sittin' in on this thing too?

JERRY: What d'yuh mean, boy scout? Listen here, Mister...

JIM: Take it easy, Jerry... Jerry Quick's my assistant ranger, Mr. Roberts. Whatever you've got to say you can say to him as well as to me. And that goes for your friend there too.

RAFE: Lay off, Joe. The kid's all right...Now, listen, Ranger, I ain't got much time. Let's get down to business.

JIM: I'm willing. What kind of business have you got on your mind?

RAFE: If I got this thing straight you been pullin' some under-cover stuff with the government to help my brother pay off the mortgage on the old man's holdings here.

JIM: Well, I'm afraid somebody gave you the wrong steer, Mr. Roberts. There's been nothin' undercover about it. A few years back your brother wanted to sell us a sizable chunk of his timberland. We made him an offer and he refused it. All I did was to try to find out whether our offer was still standing.

RAFE: Yeah, just what kind of an offer did you make him?

JIM: The agreement between your brother and the Forest Service hasn't been made public yet, Mr. Roberts. If you want the exact details I'm afraid you'll have to get them from Gale.

RAFE: (SNORTS) Hah! I can see myself wasting time on that penny-pinchin' yokel.

JIM: It's always been my opinion that Gale Roberts was a pretty sound business man ...

RAFE: Nobody asked you for your opinion Ranger. If you'd stick to what concerns you, you'd be better off.

JIM: Now wait a minute here. I'm not trying to meddle in your family affairs Mr. Roberts, but when the interests of a big concern like your brother's become the interests of the community, then those are my interests too.

RAFE: (CONFIDENTIAL TONE) Now look, Ranger. Just what's in it for you in this deal, anyway?

JIM: Mr. Roberts, I don't know what you're gettin' at but I'm going to tell you something. If we can get it all in one correlated unit and put it under sustained yield management and selective cutting, there's enough timber in the Roberts Brothers holdings and the national forest here to keep the Winding Creek mill running almost indefinitely. That mill means the livelihood directly or indirectly, of several hundred families. And that's all I'm interested in.

RAFE: Aw, come on now. You government officials don't dabble around in big money deals like this for nothing. Don't try to stall me off. What I want to know is how much of a cut you're getting out of this personally, see?

JIM: All I can say to you, Mr. Roberts, is that you've got a lot to learn about the Forest Service.

RAFE: Now look Ranger, I've got a good reason for not wanting this government deal to go through, see? And it would be worth real money to me for anybody that could keep it from going through.

JIM: H-m-m. I don't see what you've got against the deal going through. As I understand it you'd get a third of whatever the government was to pay ... according to your father's will.

RAFE: Have you got any idea who holds the mortgage on this property here, Ranger?

JIM: Well, I understand it's in the hands of the Stanton Holding Company back in Chicago.

RAFE: You got any idea who the Stanton Holding Company is?

JIM: No. I can't say that I have.

RAFE: Well I'll tell you, Ranger. The Stanton Holding Company is standing right here before you. Now what do you think?

JIM: I'm beginnin' to think plenty.

RAFE: Good. If I can keep this deal from going through and keep this pig-headed brother of mine from getting ahold of the money I can get control of this whole thing. Understand?

JIM: Yes, and once you get it what do you propose to do with it?

RAFE: I'll come in here and get this timber out and get the money out of it so fast it'll make your head swim.

JIM: And what then?

RAFE: What then? (SHORT LAUGH) Why get to heck out of here and forget about it, of course... Now look, Ranger, I've got $5000 in good United States bills here ... more money than you'll see in a life time.....

JIM: Now let me get this thing straight. As I understand it you've been bleeding your brother Gale for money for years. And he's been sending it to you thinking you needed it to get yourself out of trouble. Is that right?

RAFE: Sure! The big thickhead! The old man thought he'd cut me out of the will but that's where he missed a bet. You're not so dumb after all, Ranger.

JIM: Then you been taking this money your brother's been sending you to buy up the mortgages he had to incur to get the money to send you. Is that it?

RAFE: (HARD LAUGH) Sure. Pretty slick trick, hey? The dumb dodo! He let me chisel him out of every last nickel he's got. (SCOFFING) Business man! Hah. If he had the mint he'd lose money faster than he could coin it. He's food for the squirrels. Hey Joe?

GUARD: (LAUGHS) Yeah, boss, I'll say. He's dumb.

RAFE: Well, here's the five grand, ranger. Now how soon...

JIM: (EVENLY) Listen. I've always believed there was some good in everyone, Rafe Roberts, but you're bad clean to the rotten core. You've been dirtying up my office too long. (LOUDER) Get out... (RISING) Get out! Do you hear me? Get out before I throw you out.

RAFE: (SURPRISED SNEER) Well, well. Listen to that Joe. Our friend here's tellin' us to...

GUARD: Shall I let 'em have it, boss...

JERRY: (SUDDENLY SHOUTS) Look out for the gun, Jim...Hey, you!

(SOUND OF FURNITURE SMASHING)

GUARD: (PAINED) Ow, ow. Leggo my arm.

JERRY: Pull a gun, will you? (GRUNTS) Call me a boy scout, huh? (BREATHING HARD) I been waitin' for a chance to take a crack at you, (GRUNTS) ever since you came in here.

GUARD: (HOWLS) Hey, you're breaking my arm!

SOUND OF DOOR SLAMMING AND GENERAL BUMPING AND SMASHING

JIM: Good boy, Jerry.

RAFE: I'll get you for this, Ranger, if it's ... Ow! Ouch. Let go my neck!

JIM: When I tell you to get out I mean get out!

SOUND OF SCUFFLING GOING OFF MIKE

(DOOR SLAMS)

BESS: (COMING ON) Jim! Jerry! My goodness what's happened!?

JERRY: (SLIGHTLY OFF -- BREATHING HARD) Just a couple of bums on the way out, Mrs. Robbins.

JIM: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Yes Bess, these friends of ours are just leaving (UP) and they won't be coming back again.

ANNOUNCER: Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers come to you as a presentation of the National Broadcasting Company with the cooperation of the United States Forest Service.

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4/11/40